

friendly, or even affectionate, but also distinctly Christian. If we exercise ordinary tact we can become powerfully, even if undemonstratively, helpful to such. Let our eyes be open to the possibility.

It is important, too, to remember the value which our Lord places upon effectual spiritual fellowship. In proportion to the degree of our loyalty to Him we shall appreciate the significance of all that He has said about it. Whether it seems important to us or not, there can be no denial that He regards it as vital. He knew us and our needs as no other ever has known men. And He put upon the mutual fellowship of His children an emphasis second only to that laid upon their fellowship with Him. He was not speaking at random. He meant every word, and in its fullest, most practical sense.

Studying thus what the Christian fellowship of others means to us, what we know that ours may mean to them, and what Jesus plainly meant such fellowship to be, we cannot fail to both desire to be and to become more useful in His name.

Approaching Death

United Presbyterian.

He was a young man. He was a young man of much promise. He had a good degree of natural ability, and a measure of education fitted to the position he held in life and the prospects before him. He was genial and much loved by his companions. He was thoroughly upright and was trusted by all who knew him. Thus there was before him the hope and inspiration of an honorable, useful and happy life. He was just entering into it. All changed, and he saw the steady approach of death. When he realized whose footsteps was at the door there was a shock, but only for a little. His thoughts were still of the future, but, over leaping the immediate, they rested on the ultimate, but now near, future. His faith rose according to his need; his hope grew brighter; his joy was triumphant. He talked much and freely of his experience. In that future there was to him the presence of his Savior, a Savior near at hand, a Savior into whose presence and fellowship he would enter immediately upon his change. He was conscious that the earthly house was dissolving, but he saw the house eternal in the heavens. He recognized another footstep at the door, and knew that it was the Lord coming to receive him to Himself, and he rejoiced in the thought of being with Him. There was no darkness, no doubt, no shadow intervening; "with the Lord" was his thought and his confident hope. In this his experience was that of very many of God's loved ones. Some go down quietly into death, in peaceful confidence; others have rapturous experience, and they fairly break the bonds of life in their abounding joy; the element common to both is the presence of Christ and the assured hope of being "with the Lord." They do not look across some vast expanse to a land afar off, much less do they look into a shadow and darkness

of undefined duration before they may enter into the joy of the Lord, but they hear the voice of their Redeemer, "This day shalt thou be with Me;" they feel His hand lifting them up, and they see the door open into the glory that awaits them. This assurance of the nearness of the Savior and of the immediate glory gives peace and joy, and enters very largely into the experience of the children of God as they approach death. It is an experience given by Him whose promise is that He will never leave us.

Missions

Chicago Mission

Notwithstanding the deep snow and extreme cold our Sunday school continues to grow, tho some dear little folks are detained home sick. One bright little fellow has scarlet fever, and is very sick. His parents were getting deeply interested in the services at the mission, and then sickness kept them away, but they have not lost that interest. One family whom we have helped in their great need now send their children more than a mile to the Sunday-school. The parents also promised to come, and we look for them Sunday.

Mrs. Talley and Sister Esseman, the wife of a grocery man, are out this afternoon canvassing and urging people to come to the services. Other members are helping in this evangelistic work in the interest of saving souls.

Brethren, you who sit by comfortable firesides these cold evenings, after eating a good warm supper, and meditate, do you ever feel for the poor widows and their children who must go to bed in a cold room hungry? Well we found one such this week. Out washing all day, left three little children at home alone, door locked. Mrs. Talley and Sister Miller called in the evening. She had just come home from doing some scrubbing and the room was cold and the children were hungry, but she did not say anything about it. It was not until the next day, we learned that she had no coal nor wood with which to build a fire, and they went to bed after eating a cold lunch, and had to go to a neighbor for coal to kindle a fire the next morning. I went to the county agent the next day and got some coal for them, and some of the folks let her have some work that she could do at home. She was trying to make her way and support her children alone. Her husband, a drunkard, had deserted them, and left her to raise the children in this big city alone.

O, the horror of the saloon, and the havoc it is making with homes and lives of people. 'T was bad for Mrs. Nation to smash the saloons with her little hatchet, but not worse than for the saloons to smash thousands of hearts and homes with the damnable stuff. I could write chapters of "horror" on this subject, but it would not be new to my readers, so I will forbear.

The Millennium may be coming slowly, in some places,—in spots, so to speak,—but there has none of it appeared in Chicago in a public way. There are bright spots, 'tis true, but they are to be seen in the lives of the Lord's redeemed, those who are working to raise up those whose fall mayhap was caused by the "public" policy. May the Lord comfort where the arm of man is too short and weak. Brethren we need much, for there is so much to do. *Pray, pray for the work.* Some times,—were such a thing possible—I would be discouraged. But there is no *power* in that. Pray then that the Lord may give us *power*.

While I am writing, a girl fourteen years old and a little boy of seven came in cold, asking for some clothing. She was a cash girl in one of the large department stores, but was laid off since the holidays, and her oldest brother sixteen years old is a messenger boy, and he is now the support of the family. The father is industrious, but sickness brought them to want, and now during the cold weather he cannot get work. The family does not drink, simply misfortune is the cause. I had talked with the father and mother, and found them intelligent, and not without culture, and they said they always sent their children to Sunday school when they had clothes fit to go to such a place. By investigation I verified their statement. The girl is hunting work, as is also the father. The children come to the Sunday school now. May the Lord open a way for them. I told the father and mother the words of the Lord, "Seek ye the Kingdom of heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you." They promised they would.

A friend recently wrote me saying, "When the EVANGELIST comes, the first thing I look for is the report from Chicago and Washington missions." I am glad, for I appreciate your kindly interest in our work. Another writes, "Do you get enough to live on?" In answer to this last, I will say, yes, we are alive, very much alive. I can feel myself breathe. But there is no surplus from which we can declare a "standard oil dividend" after this "living" is provided. This week I find myself entirely out of money. And I need not tell you I need some very badly. I have prayed the Lord to send it, and I believe he will. I don't know if this is doing the Lord's work just exactly on credit or not, but if that credit is kept good all the time, I shall be happy indeed that we are able to do the work.

Brother I. D. Bowman will be with us the last of next month in a special effort here, and I ask that you pray very earnestly for the Lord's blessing on these meetings, for we wish to make this a *special effort* and we look for great blessings from the Lord. I wish I might personally ask that every pastor when he enters his pulpit next Sunday, would ask his congregation to pray for missions—

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